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My dear Fr... ...ac animal"

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Son of the ... ...ol. Charles
Blacknall ... ...lifs for the
Cause of ... ...r. (Page 29th)
Teach your ... ...and - children
to love the Cause of Constitutional Liberty
for which their distinguished Progenitor
Sacrificed everything, even life and in the
end all will be well -

God bless, guard and keep you
and all near and dear to you in heart
& home -

Affectionately Yours

James Battle Averett

Rectory of
St. Pauls & St. James
Louisburg - Kittrells N. C.
Dec. 11th 1897

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Who was the Rebel—the Traitor—
the Trans-Susquehanna man or the
Cis-Susquehanna man?

AN ORATION

DELIVERED BY THE

Rev. James Battle Avirett

On the occasion of Laying the Foundation Stone of the Central Shaft in the North Carolina Plot in the Stonewall Cemetery, Winchester, Virginia, 17th September, 1897, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Sharpsburg.

Published through the generosity of

MR. CHARLES B. ROUSS

Dedicated to the memory of the Mothers, Wives, Sisters and Daughters of the Army of Northern Virginia.

In Exchange
Univ. of North Carolina
SEP 27 1933

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PREFACE.

The unselfish and far-reaching devotion of the women of North Carolina to the fair fame of the Commonwealth which produced the greatest number of devoted citizen soldiery in the great struggle for Southern Independence, from 1861 to 1865, has made this day possible. The beautiful devotion of the women of the Shenandoah Valley throughout a whole generation has maintained the identity of each grave in North Carolina's lot of Honor in the Stonewall Cemetery. The unexampled tenderness of the great Southern philanthropist, Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss, has clothed the 17th of September, 1897, with such high courtesy and generous hospitality as to make it in very truth a Red Letter Day in the history of that State where his grateful friends and admirers are numbered by thousands. The noble people of this noble old town of Winchester have shown themselves such true Virginians. These four, the women of his native State, those of Virginia and our noble host, and the Ashby camp and others as well, we would gratefully mention in close connection with the oration of the day written, spoken and published with the desire and aim paramount to prove that the parties to the fearful strife who lived on the north side of the Susquehanna were the rebels, and not we. If he has succeeded in this effort to produce some of the memoranda from which an honest, fair and impartial history shall be written, he will be more than compensated.

JAMES BATTLE AVIRETT.

Louisburg, Kittrell's, N. C., Oct 5, 1897.

NORTH CAROLINA'S DEAD.

Laying of the Corner Stone of a Monument to Be Erected in Stonewall Cemetery.

A GREAT DAY IN WINCHESTER.

Arrival of Mr. Charles B. Rouss and Party.

The Parade and March to the Cemetery—Laying of the Corner Stone—Address by Rev. Dr. James B. Avirett—Tribute to the Women of North Carolina and the Shenandoah Valley—Mr. Rouss' Generosity Recognized—Governor Vance's Work—North Carolina's Troops in the Civil War.

(Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.)

Winchester, Va., Sept. 17.—This has been the "red letter" day for the fair of the Shenandoah Valley Agricultural Society, and the attendance was larger than any during the week. It was not only Rouss day, but the corner stone laying of a monument to the North Carolina Confederate dead who sleep in Stonewall Cemetery. After the usual hot weather for September for the past two weeks, to-day was cool and delightful. A delegation from North Carolina arrived last night. Their presence added much to the interest of the day. Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss, who delayed his usual annual visit to the fair from Thursday because of the ceremonies at Stonewall Cemetery, arrived at 9.30 o'clock via the Cumberland Valley Railroad. He was accompanied by Messrs. Erastus Wiman, Thos. D. Beall, of the New York Daily News, George Hertzberger, John Scott and Mr. A. J. Smith, Mr. Rouss' private secretary. The party traveled in the special car Sydenham, of the Pennsylvania Railroad. They were met at the depot by Messrs. T. M. Bantz, Charles W. Hensell and other friends of Mr. Rouss, and were driven to the residence of Judge Wm. M. Atkinson, where the Judge received the party with a neat and appropriate speech; thence to the handsome residence of Mr. James B. Russell, where Mr. Rouss met Miss Mamie Russell and a bevy of handsome young ladies. The party drove to Mt. Hebron Cemetery, to visit the Rouss lot. Each grave was covered with beautiful floral designs, placed there by friends, and it was a touching sight to see them raised before Mr. Rouss that he might know of their fragrance.

The Parade.

The party was then driven to ex-Governor Holiday's for lunch, and where they remained until the parade formed for its march to the cemetery, which was as follows: Chief marshal and aids; Friendship Band; Ashby Camp Guard, Capt. A. M. Baker; Turner Ashby Camp Confederate Veterans, Capt. John J. Williams; delegates from visiting camps; carriages containing Revs. Drs. Avirett, Hyde and Cox, O. W. Blacknall and Gen. W. H. Cheek, C. B. Rouss, A. J. Smith, Mr. Wiman and Judge Atkinson; Friendship Fire Company, Lieutenant Grim; Rouss Hook and Ladder, Captain Schneider; Union Band; Union Fire Company, Captain Kinzel.

The Corner Stone Laid.

At the cemetery the services were opened with prayer by Rev. S. K. Cox, D. D., pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, this city. The ceremonies of the laying of the corner stone were presided over by Rev. Dr. John P. Hyde, chaplain of Turner Ashby Camp, Confederate Veterans. The ceremonies were beautiful and impressive, and upon closing Dr. Hyde read the following documents, which were carefully laid in the box of the corner-stone: A complete roster of the North Carolina troops furnished the late Confederacy; life of Hon. Z. B. Vance, with the speech vindicatory of the South delivered in Boston, and that delivered in Baltimore on the last year of the war in North Carolina; General Lee's farewell address; Baltimore "Sun," and other papers; "Pickett or Pettigrew," by Captain Bond, vindicating North Carolina at Gettysburg.

The ceremonies of the corner-stone laying were closed by prayer by Rev. Nelson P. Dame. Then began the speech-making. Capt. J. J. Williams in a pleasant way welcomed the North Carolinian and the New York guests to the city, after which Colonel Cheek, of North Carolina, made a short, but deeply interesting talk. He then introduced the orator of the day, Rev. James B. Avirett. At the conclusion of the address Rev. Dr. Hyde pronounced the benediction.

Mr. Rouss and party visited the fair grounds after 3 o'clock, where he entertained his many friends. Refreshments were served to the several thousand persons. The party left this evening at 8 o'clock for New York.

MAYOR WILLIAMS' ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The committee of arrangements has requested me in my official capacity as the mayor of our little but historic city to extend to you a formal welcome to our midst. In thus speaking in behalf of our whole people I must not permit myself under the impulse of any per-

sonal feeling to forget the difference of sentiment that existed and does still exist among us, as to the questions that were at issue in that great contest of arms, out of which arose the occasion of our assemblage to-day. For, while the great majority of our people espoused the cause of their State and their section, there were also those of them who believed the cause of the Union to be the right side, and gave it at least the support of their opinions in obedience to their conscientious convictions of patriotic duty. But however we may differ as to this, in one thing we can all agree who are capable in head and heart of recognizing the true meaning of this occasion. For just in proportion as we desire that "government of the people, by the people and for the people, may not perish off the face of the earth," to quote the familiar words of President Lincoln, will we recognize that as a stream cannot rise higher than its head, neither can a republic be greater in all that makes for true greatness, than the people who are its sovereign rulers. I do not desire to detain you from the special ceremonies of this occasion by any lengthy address, and I forbear to quote the well-known lines of Sir William Jones, beautiful as they are; but you will remember how they "point the moral" that it is not the elements of military, naval, commercial or material greatness that "do constitute a State," but rather and above all "men, high minded men." And who among us who has at heart the future and enduring welfare of what is now our common country and that of our children, but recognizes in his thoughts, his aspirations and his prayers to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe; that the surest hope and guarantee of that welfare lies, under God, in the private and public virtue of its citizens; in their possession of that "spirit of conscientious devotion to patriotic duty that will lead them at the call of their country to "pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor."

And where, friends, can we find grander examples of that "unstinted devotion to duty and country," that yonder monument "to the unknown dead" commemorates than in the lives lived and the deaths died by the heroic sons of the old North State who lie in this cemetery, and to whose honored graves, you, gentlemen of North Carolina, have come in holy pilgrimage to-day? And when you call for witnesses to testify to their possession of these heroic virtues, where can you find them rather than among these people, sirs, who have come out to testify to this by their presence to-day and who have seen them plod with weary, aye, sadly often, with bare and bleeding feet, in the heats of summer and the frosts of winter alike, in the weary march up to the fiery edge of battle, have seen them bivouac amidst the snows of winter and always with unfaltering courage in face of danger or hardship, that has made "a world wonder." Ah, yes; where truer witnesses than these women of the Lower Shenan-

doah Valley, fit representatives of whom honor us with their presence to-day, who fed these fainting heroes on their hungry marches, and "ministered to their necessities" when sickness or wound, or the "pains of death" stretched them helpless athwart their very thresholds. Aye, the very stones of this battlefield, where their graves lie, would cry out against the man who would deny that no matter what your opinion as to the merits of the side these men took in our great war, no grander example than theirs was ever given of that unstinted devotion to duty, to country, which is to a country, however great, what steam is to the grandest Corliss engine that ever lay an inert, useless mass of metal until the spirit of steam "breathed into its nostrils the breath of life" and woke its giant power into activity.

We are true, then, to "the duties of the present and to the hopes of the future," as to this Great Republic of the West, as well as to "the memories of the past," when we come to-day to honor these dead sons of North Carolina, whose lives were such splendid examples of devotion to patriotic duty, as they understood it.

Welcome, then, gentlemen of North Carolina, to our midst! You have come on a high and holy mission, and we trust that when you shall have accomplished it, and return to your homes you may carry with you none but pleasant memories, and that when the monument, whose corner stone you have laid to-day, be completed that to its dedication you may return in greater numbers and with ceremonies and parade not unworthy the occasion, honor the gallant sons of your historic State, whose graves we have kept green in this cemetery for so many years.

ADDRESS OF GEN. WM. H. CHEEK, OF HENDERSON, N. C., ON INTRODUCING THE ORATOR.

Kind Friends of the City of Winchester:

There are with you to-day a few citizens of North Carolina who have made a pilgrimage to this sacred spot to unite with you in the performance of a very pleasant duty.

We have come to join with you in adding one more tribute to the memory of our dead comrades who laid down their lives upon the altar of their country and died in defense of our homes.

We have come with an orator capable and well prepared to perform this task.

Before I introduce him I beg that I, too, as a representative of our people, may be permitted to avail myself of this opportunity to express to the noble, patriotic, generous and loving women of this historic old town our sincere thanks for the untiring zeal that they have manifested in the collection of the remains of our dead comrades, and in giving them decent burial in this beautiful cemetery, and for their constant care in the preservation and decoration of their graves.

I now present to you the Rev. James Battle Avirett, who needs no introduction to this people, and who has been selected by the Ladies' Memorial Association of our State to address you on this occasion.

IN STONEWALL CEMETERY.

Thirty-fifth Anniversary of the Battle of Sharpsburg—The Memorial Address of Rev. James Battle Avirett at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Monument to the North Carolina Soldiers Buried There.

Survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia, Confederate Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Bismarck, the great German, speaking to the world through an address lately made to his own people, has said that, though he stood confronted by the infirmities of old age, to him there was a blessed comfort. It was this. The great law of compensation underlying the equities of God's government brings to an old man the recognition of the fact, that, as he has largely done with the world, and the world has largely done with him, he is alone responsible to God both for what he may say and for what he may do. Keenly alive to that immunity from sharp and rancorous criticism of what may be said on this occasion, one may be allowed to proceed in the performance of that duty which has been assigned him by the kind women of North Carolina. One might think that here was the proper place to pass some words of high and courteous eulogium upon the women of North Carolina. But it may be said in the face of all that has transpired within the borders of that great old commonwealth that the women of North Carolina need no eulogium. From the early settlement of Roanoke Island, during the dark days of her colonial history; during the revolution; pending the great trouble between the stepmother, England, and her daughters, the Colonies; during the stirring times of 1812; during the bright hours of Democratic supremacy, when the country was expanding from ocean to ocean; pending the war with Mexico; and then onward as sectional strife began to develop, all through those darkest hours of '61-'65; some men were found who were recreant to their high trust, and noble heritage as North Carolinians, and were willing to sell their birthright for a pitiful mess of pottage; but from Cherokee to Currituck, from the Virginia lines to the waters of the Pee Dee, no woman was ever found within the borders of this old commonwealth whose features suggested the slightest resemblance to a Rebecca Wright, an alien to your civilization, fair women of Virginia; that woman who put Sheridan in possession of Early's movements, dispositions and numbers,

so as to suggest to all fair-minded men and women that she was the twin sister of Judas Iscariot. No, the women of North Carolina have always been true, and from them has sprung that noble race that has put the world in love with the finest touches of civil and religious liberty. They have commissioned me to-day to speak in their behalf, and the only regret that I have is that I bring not to the discharge of this high commission the commanding eloquence of a Francis Hawkes, or the persuasive oratory of a Henry Watkins Miller. But I should be unjust to the memory of my father and mother, or my only brother who yielded up his life in front of Atlanta as well as of the sweetest recollections of that sainted sister who yielded up her young life from wounds in the lungs contracted in over-watching and over-work in the wards of the Confederate Hospital at Goldsboro, were I to allow my sense of insufficiency, my inadequacy to the full performance of the duties assigned me, to cause me to falter one moment in the pathway of duty which woman has assigned me.

It may be pardoned me, if just here before entering upon the discussion of the great question which will occupy the web and the woof of this address, I pause sufficiently long to barely intimate to the women of the Southland the debt of gratitude which they owe to the fair women of the Shenandoah Valley, and notably so to the dwellers in this old war-worn town of Winchester, Virginia, changing hands 87 times during the war, as, from the spring days of 1861 throughout the entire struggle, they did their full duty in nerving the arm and strengthening the hearts of that noble band of men arrayed in gray, who followed the lead of Joseph E. Johnson, Ashby, Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. It may not be known to the world, nor can it be known the one tithe of all those blessed women did in the hospital, in the closet on bended knee, on the battle-field, Miss Russell,* out watching the silent stars in ministering to the Confederate wounded, but this consolation remains, as long as the Blue Ridge, whose peaks are now enveloped with the morning mists, as many a time they have been wrapped up in smoke of battle, occupies the place assigned it by Almighty God, the names of Mrs. Philip Williams, Mrs. Andrew Hunter Boyd, Mrs. Robert Y. Conrad, Miss Kurtz, the Richardsons, the Russells, the Jenkins, the Glaizes, the Mesmers, Aunt Nancy Niswaner and Mrs. Spence, and many others who were associated with those already mentioned, will never be forgotten by the citizen soldiery of the South. They nobly planned and faithfully executed the high commission from God, which led

*Miss Matilda Russell, of Winchester, being told by a Federal surgeon, that if Lt. R., of Baltimore, a young Confederate, wounded in the Ramseur-Averill engagement, three miles north of Winchester, could be kept in position in which he could sleep, there were chances of his recovery, spent the entire night on the battlefield holding the head of that officer. He did sleep and did recover. Miss Russell's fair fame and high devotion will never sleep.

them in their labor of love to develop this beautiful bivouac of the dead, this blessed mother of all the Southern cemeteries, fitly named and worthily wearing that name, Stonewall Cemetery. Ah, how these women toiled, how they prayed, how they begged, walking among the ashes of Southern glory and Southern wealth, as long weary months elapsed before they were able to complete in all its admirable appointments this beautiful City of the Dead. They finished the work. All through this lovely valley, all through Piedmont, Va., the signal was given, and perhaps the largest civil gathering ever known in this valley witnessed the consecration of these grounds to the high and holy purpose of the memory of our dead. It was then that the war-worn veteran, the late Brigadier General Henry A. Wise, ex-Governor of this commonwealth, in closing his oration gave utterance to that magnificent climax: "Lost Cause! Lost Cause!! Lost Cause!!! If lost, 'twas false—if true, it is not lost!" when ten thousand voices were heard cheering the veteran, as he stepped from the stage, though bent with age, and went his rounds to the honored grave, a fine type of that fine character, perhaps in some sense the finest product of our Anglo-Saxon civilization, a noble Virginia gentleman. The daughters of these women above mentioned and their kindred—notably so Miss Lucy Williams and others—have kept up their full allegiance to those who sleep the sleep of the just in Mt. Hebron, when on each recurring sixth of June they lay their banks of beautiful flowers on every mound in Stonewall Cemetery, as though with the aroma of flowers they would do homage to the guardian angels who keep watch and ward over their country's noble dead in the camping grounds of the Great Beyond. The women of North Carolina charge me to-day, noble women of the Shenandoah Valley, to say that as they were in sympathy with you when Sheridan's hosts ranged this valley, pillaging and burning, so will they never forget your great tenderness and womanly devotion, which prompted you, as fast as one set of wooden head boards would rot away, to replace them with others carefully marked with the name and company of each silent sleeper of North Carolina's dead. The noble women of my native State wish me to say to you, fair women of the Shenandoah Valley, that you have been true to the high commission of the three Marys at the sepulchred garden, when (though it be said reverently on a lower plane) you have strengthened the living by fidelity to the dead—you have discharged one of the noblest duties of life in giving tender assurance to the dwellers in all the fair valleys of North Carolina that the women of Virginia were keeping their holy vigil over the ashes of our dead. We know, fair countrywomen, that our dead are safe in your hands, and one of my high duties to-day, perhaps the sweetest and the tenderest, is formally to transfer to your guardianship the 497 silent forms of North Carolina's citizen sol-

diery which sleep in this lot. I am charged by the women of North Carolina to say to you that they are grateful to you for that sweet courtesy of yours which accorded to North Carolina the lot of honor, the plot of sacred ground which lies to your right as you enter under the archway of Stonewall Cemetery. It is simply a pre-eminence which your courtesy has accorded us, not because of any difference in the value of the sacred dust which lies in each of these State lots, but simply because of the greater number of our dead. Surely the silent forces of woman's most beautiful courtesy and love emulate, if they do not surpass even the cunning deftness of Nature in the distillation of the dew drop, and the beautiful inter-mingling of rich colorings with which our old mother Nature illumines your sunsets and kindles her glories at the opening of morning. And now that we have been able after a long lapse of time amid our poverty and the blighting upas tree of Holdenism, Brownlowism, Carpetbagism, and Reconstruction on our State, from which the manhood of North Carolina has slowly emerged, to place living stones at each and every one of these graves, we here to-day, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, our fathers' God, commit them to your loving care and tender guardianship. Guard them well. This I know you will do as long as the healthful correlation between the two sexes exists, between a patriotic manhood and a faithful womanhood, all over our Sunny Southland.

And now to you, sir, Comrade Rouss, cradled in Maryland, nurtured and developed in Virginia, underbuying and underselling with wonderful success in New York, the fair women of my old State bid me say that with grateful hearts our portion of the Southland, and we believe the whole, from the Susquehanna to the Rio Grande, will cherish the memory of your noble benefactions with which you have sought to tenderly drive away the wolf of want from the doorway of a thousand Southern homes. You, sir, have given bread to the living, and have fitly sepulchred our dead. You have surrounded this God's acre in your munificence, with a beautiful iron fence which will defy the tooth of time. You have caused water to spring up in this valley with its refreshment for the living and comfort for the sick and dying. You have fortified the inhabitants of this old town of Winchester against the fire fiend by day and night, and in your annual gifts to the Shenandoah Valley Agricultural Fair you have taught the farmers of this beautiful section to sow in hope that they might reap in joy. Nay, more, sir, you have not forgotten Virginia's great shrine of learning, for in the dark hour of her Universty's loss from fire, with a son's high pride and joy, you have poured your treasure in her lap. You have gone still further in your far-reaching tenderness for the South. You have expressed your willingness, nay, your fond desire, to meet the whole Southland more than half way in building upon a magnifi-

cent plan and scale, a great Battle Abbey, in which might be preserved the relics, the trophies, the insignia of her splendid heroism on the battle field in tattered flags, bullet pierced and shredded, but ever glorious; upon whose walls might hang the portraiture of distinguished heroism, and along whose aisles in chiseled stone might stand sculptured statues of Albert Sidney Johnson, Ashby, Stonewall Jackson, and our peerless Lee, and in whose safe depositories might be placed the record of the land you loved and fought for, struggling to be free. Nor have you stopped here, but to show how deeply you love the Southern soil, you have brought the remains of your noble boy from the great emporium of the continent and given him Christian burial in the soil of Old Virginia. Nay more, with monumental stone you have marked the spot, gathering around it the ashes of your dead, where, after life's fitful fever is over, and your rôle of splendid benefactions shall have ceased, you, yourself, sir, a Confederate Veteran, waiting for the reveille of the Resurrection morn, hope to lie. The women of North Carolina, sir, have sent by me a few flowers to lay upon the grave of your crushed hopes where sleeps your son, and if only among the herbs which spring into life among the valleys of North Carolina they might find one whose medicinal properties would restore sight to your eyes, they would be gratefully happy. Cherishing your benefactions in the depths of their grateful hearts, they bid me say to you, sir, that your mother's God has taught them that there are no blind in heaven.

And now, my dear friends, will you pardon me while I proceed with a brief and condensed statement of the causes in part which led up to this strife—and detain you while I rehearse somewhat the conduct of the same, closing with some suggestions as to the duty of the living in vindication of the memory of our dead. Necessarily must I advert to some of the peculiarities of the different forms of government which have controlled the inhabitants of this earth. You well know that these have been various, reflecting the temper of the times, and the stratum of civilization, characterizing the various epochs in the history of our race. Sometimes they have been pure despotisms, again the pendulum would swing way round in the contrary direction, and the world would rejoice in short lived republics. Sometimes we would have constitutional monarchies, and again men's petted crochets of popular government would come into the ascendency. Sometimes, as in the French Revolution, men in madness have swept away as with a besom of destruction, almost every vestige of liberty as vested in citizenship, and in their blind madness have deified reason, and expelling all the purer forms of religion, have deluged her altars with the blood of her best people. Sad and well-nigh tearful are the many wrongs which have been perpetrated on this earth in the name of liberty, but alas, in the great majority of cases, license

has been founded with the wise teachings of this fair goddess. Amid this Babel of confusion it seems in the providence of the Great Ruler of all nations to have accorded to the Anglo-Saxon race the most successful ventures in the field of constitutional liberty. England, step-motherish though she has been to us, as the winner and the wearer, which have come to her from Magna Charta at Runnymede, has secured eminent privileges as she has gone on during the long generations past, buttressed and fortressed, in all those marked characteristics of government which constitute her the very citadel of constitutional liberty. But as the Babylonish, Assyrian, Grecian, Roman dynasties have all had their day, so may it be said to-day with the marked changes that have come over the government of Great Britain from the rapid development of all the elements of democratic features that she has not been exempted from the changes and chances of all human institutions. The colonies which sprang from the breast of their old English mother and essayed the Herculean task of separate government, detached from the guardianship of England, made good their cause after seven years of bloody strife when at Yorktown in 1781, it became necessary to construct a cradle for what was happily believed to be a fair young republic. It will not be forgotten that Great Britain in dealing with the colonies treated each one of them as a separate and distinct individuality, a crystallized unit, and on this basis peace was declared between the mother country and her infant children. A convention for the exact adjustment of the varied relations of these thirteen children, now free and independent, became necessary. This convention met. The ablest men in the whole country were present and participated in its deliberations. The finest talent of New England, pronouncedly the leading statesmen from the Middle States, by all odds the greatest men from Virginia, were present in Philadelphia at this august hour. Never in the history of man have graver responsibilities been met by calmer, wiser, and more exhaustive deliberations. The saintly Bishop White, and other eminent divines invoked the blessing of Almighty God upon this most remarkable body of men. Day after day, and night after night, these noble patriots planned and counseled, and counseled and planned. But 3,000 miles away from all the battle fields of Europe, deluged with blood in man's applied experimental efforts to secure the greatest good to the greatest number, and this citadel liberty forever, buttressed upon the affections and confidence of a free people, it was not accorded our forefathers to escape the dangers of human government. Naturally enough, Mr. Hamilton, of New York, fresh from the influence of monarchial institutions upon his great and commanding intellect, was fully in love with that form of government centripetal, which we call centralism, or a mild form of monarchial government. Naturally enough, Mr. Jefferson, of Virginia, and

those who thought and co-operated with him in that they represented the cavalier element of our young population in the southern colonies, were equally as much enamored with the pleasing thought, amounting in their case to an absolute conviction, that the panacea of all our ills as a people, and the keystone in the arch of human liberty depended upon the recognition of the antagonistic principal of centrifugalism as opposing centripetalism, necessary to a preservation, of the true harmony and healthful life in the relation of the State to the Federal government.

It will be seen at a glance how antagonistic these two theories of human government are: to wit, the Hamiltonian theory of the exercise of controlling power by the centre along strongly guarded radii over all forms of popular rights lying out between the centre and the circumference; while the State's rights men sought to leave their impress upon federal relations by emphasizing the doctrines of the sovereignity of the States.* These giants of high intellect, and we must say of equally beautiful devotion to their divergent views of the government which they were trying to form, battled with each other upon a high plane of intellectuality and wonderful mastery of the various forms of human government, which, perhaps, has never been equalled in the history of men. Battling on and battling on, each for the acceptance of his own views, these distinguished civil schoolmen were at last driven to the conclusion that neither party to this great contest could fully succeed. So it came about that in the very nature of things, from the necessity of conditions and environments, the constitution was a compromise. It can be safely asserted here that all compromises, when subjected to the severe tests of absolute analysis must necessarily be from the very nature of things sooner or later clearly demonstrated failures. This is so, for a compromise has always been and will ever be the dangerous undertaking of adjusting upon a safe basis principles that are directly antipodal and antagonistic. Water has never yet been mixed with oil, nor will centralized government ever be able to adjust itself to the honest recognition of popular rights. Hence it is perfectly clear, and it must necessarily appear that we have never lived under a pure republic. The word

*Extract from Henry Cabot Lodge's "Life of Webster," at pages 176-177, concerning Webster's "Reply to Hayne" on the Foote resolution: "The weak places in his armor were historical in their nature. It was probably necessary, at all events Mr. Webster felt it to be so, to argue that the constitution at the outset was not a compact between the States, but a national instrument, and to distinguish the cases of Virginia and Kentucky in 1799 and of New England in 1814 from that of South Carolina in 1830. The former point he touched upon lightly, the latter he discussed ably, eloquently, ingeniously, and at length. Unfortunately the facts were against him in both instances. When the constitution was adopted by the votes of States at Philadelphia and accepted by the votes of States in popular conventions, it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States, and from which each and every State had the right peaceably to withdraw, a right which was very likely to be exercised. When the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions appeared they were not ~~offered~~ on constitutional grounds, but on those of expedlency and of hostility to the resolution which they were considered to embody."

republic, as imported by its etymology clearly means all things as to rights under the government, all duties and privileges for the government in common. Res, publica, the old Roman wrote, all things common, all things for the people, by the people and all power from the people. Now this has never been, nor will it ever be realized. None of us have ever voted directly for a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He is appointed for life by the Executive. No one of us has ever voted for a member of the United States Senate. He is elected by the legislature of the State claiming him. No one of us has ever voted directly for a president of the United States. He is elected by the electoral college; they failing to elect, by the House of Representatives. Thus you see, clearly and indisputably that at no period of American history has any freeman ever been trusted with the full discharge of an uninterrupted ballot except in the House of Representatives. It is equally clear that in two of the co-ordinate branches of the government, to wit, the executive and the judicial, Mr. Hamilton forced Mr. Jefferson to the employment of an intermediary process, destructive of the most healthful form of the ballot, and necessarily nurturing and developing centralism.* In the other branch of the government, to wit, the election of the United States Senate by the State legislature, an intermediary process, and necessarily productive of centralism in the long run, while Mr. Jefferson succeeded in securing only to the people the exercise of a direct franchise, in the election of the members of the House of Representatives. It will be clearly seen with whom lay the victory when the bark of human liberty, freighted with the hopes of three millions of people, was launched upon the ocean, whose waters could never be smooth for any length of time. History attests the fact that the timbers in the good old ship of state have been strained amid the angry surges of many a tempest of high debates in the halls of congress. They were severely strained in 1820 at the time of the Missouri compromise, and all over this broad land at that time patriots were breathlessly fearful lest wreckage should ensue. Staggering along through the compromise of 1850, this ship, on whose deck stood at the time that great seer of the South, Mr. Calhoun, that wonder of wonders, Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, that most majestic of all men who have ever trod American soil; Mr. Webster of Massachusetts, with Mr. Benton of Missouri, and others equally devoted, if not fully as illustrious, finally went to pieces among the quicksands of sectionalism in 1860. It will clearly be seen that this was necessarily so from the nature of its organism, and the dominancy of centralism procured by the subtile genius of Hamilton over the commanding intellect of Thomas Jefferson and his school. And yet in this mighty

*Mr. Jefferson was absent at the French Court, but it was the school which afterwards bore his name in American political nomenclature.

wrestling between these two giants Mr. Jefferson secured the recognition of the doctrine of State rights, the sovereignty of the States, upon the pleasing yet delusive basis of a beautiful theory. The Republican party in its contests with the Federal party, and later on the Democratic with the Whig, Know-Nothing and Republican parties, have always been able to point to the "It was written in the constitution," in vindication of their doctrine of State sovereignty. Yet the skilful, intellectual acrobat, Mr. Hamilton, the Machiavellian master of statescraft, in the application of these principles claimed by Mr. Jefferson, haltered, hampered, and controlled by the mode in which the ballot was exercised, and always came out of the contest, if not in his lifetime, in that of his followers, more than successful. The election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860, the first triumph of a sectional candidate for the presidency, has been mistaken by many as the cause of the war. Slavery in that campaign, in which it was the shibboleth, was not the cause of the rupture of the States, and the dismemberment of the republic. It was simply the occasion, and was the medium only through which centralism asserted its antagonism to State sovereignty. It may be asked then why did this rupture not occur earlier in the history of the country as threatened in 1820 and in 1850. The easy answer is close at hand, and will suggest itself at once to any mind enriched by the philosophics of history. The Northern people, almost entirely commercial, never knew the blessing at any time in the history which presented itself to the Southern people in their exemption from the antagonism between capital and labor. For a long, long time the South was exempt from the curse which attaches to this irrepressible conflict between these two mighty giants, because our capital was our labor, and our labor was our capital, and it was during that blessed repose that the conservatism of an unfettered unified South was brought to bear upon these two constitutional organic antagonisms, which threatened from time to time the dissolution of the union. When it was swept away it was like cutting the dike which surrounds Holland! The angry waters of the North sea swept over her fair borders. The South recognized the fact that in the carrying trade of negroes from the coasts of Africa to the United States, the trans-Susquehanna people had added largely to the wealth which had come to them in changing West India molasses into New England rum. They knew the fact, and know it today, that, when climate and soil at the North had declared against the profitableness of African slavery at the North, in the closing years of the last, and in the early decades of the present centuries, with the same God and with the same Bible instead of liberating, they sold out their colored slaves to the people of the South and then turned to the shadow of Bunker Hill monument and posed as philanthropists and moralists. Hence it was that when Mr. Lincoln issued his coercion

proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops to coerce the sovereign States and whip us back into abject submission to centralized federalism (the Hamilton theory of the government) Southern State after Southern State, clothed upon with all the powers of organic law, under the constitution, one by one resumed their former status occupied by them before the compact had been entered into, under the plain principal in law and equity that a contract void in part is void in whole. North Carolina, whose people had been divided somewhat, on the 20th of May, 1861, the anniversary of the declaration of the Mecklenburg Independence, slowly, sternly, silently, and with tears in her eyes, called her children around her and started for the field of battle. It would not be germane to this occasion to enter into any details of this terrible struggle. Suffice it is to say, that with their two million and a half of men called out to battle on the part of the North, six hundred thousand Southern troops engaged them so heroically from Big Bethel to Appomattox as to put the whole world in admiration of the splendor of our heroism and our devotion to the cause. Mistakes there were, and honest ones too, upon the mind of some of the European governments, touching the cause which led up to this fearful struggle. Upon the part of England, however, it may be asserted with marked emphasis, that she clearly understood the situation and had ever been, and is to-day a Jesuitical fomenter of the strife between the different sections of this country. Great Britain has ever been the foe, and is to-day the bitter enemy of every form of republican institutional government. She tried to strangle us in our cradle with more than a stepmother's intense hate. She tried to crush us in 1812 by driving our shipping from the seas, and then she went to work when she had fattened upon slavery herself, and drugged the whole world with her opium trade with well-nigh diabolic method, with her headquarters at Exeter Hall in London, to deepen sectional hate between the North and the South. To-day, like a great anaconda, she is swallowing up with her immense gold power both the banking systems of our country, and our transportation as well. It would be ungraceful and ungrateful to indulge in any comment upon mistakes made by the government at Richmond in failing to get all of our cotton out of the Southern borders, and banking upon it in European markets when landed at Bermuda before the blockade was enforced and made effective. It would be equally unfair and unkind to comment upon the mistakes made within the first few months of the war in not making impregnable the mouth of the Mississippi, and that of the Cumberland River and the Tennessee, where the last two empty into the great "father of waters." It is perfectly clear that the failure to do this forced the first great battle of the midland, south of Kentucky,

and lost us that State, out of Tennessee and lost us that State, in to Mississippi. Elsewhere, north of Shiloh, General Sidney Johnson would have been flanked out of position by the Federal gun-boats on those rivers. It is perfectly clear to every candid mind that while mistakes were made, and telling mistakes at that, if not well nigh fatal, yet that noble patriot Jefferson Davis did all he could with the lights before him to maintain his country's cause. It was very evident from the early days of the struggle that Virginia would be the great battlefield. Richmond, from first to last, was the key point, and the keystone of the Southern Confederacy. If the armies of the South could not hold this great citadel, it was obvious that we could make no successful stand anywhere. General McClellan in his very remarkable book has very cleary established the fact that, had he been other than a Democrat, when he was beleaguering Richmond with his mighty host, had he been reinforced as he begged General Halleck and Mr. Stanton,* Secretary of War, to reinforce him with General McDowell's sixty thousand troops, idle in front of Washington, and had the authorities at Washington allowed him to have thrown that large army upon General Lee's left flank, fully occupied with McClellan as he was, McClellan would have cut General Lee's lines of transportation on the Virginia Central R. R., the James River canal and the South Side R. R. Some may say sneeringly that this never could have been done at that time. In answer to this, it may be alleged that Stonewall Jackson's valley campaign was made to avert this anticipated movement. A desperate attack upon General Lee's left by McDowell's 60,000 men would have called General Jackson hurriedly from the valley, while so small was his force, 17,000, and so large was that of Genera McDowell's, 60,000, that the issue at arms could not have been doubtful. General Lee, at all times the master of General McClellan in tactics and maneuvre, and in all the fine elements of generalship, himself unconscious of the fact in his high devotion to duty as he was incapacitated from his splendid organism to understand the desperate, diabolic policy at headquarters in Washington in its unwillingness to stop the war then and there because of two conditions not yet reached. First, there was a Democrat in command of the Army of the Potomac, and the commander of that army at the close of the war was ex necessitate logically the next president of the United States. Sumner, Steward and Stanton had determined that this should not be. Secondly, the proclamation of emancipation had not been issued Slavery had not been abolished. Now, if this reasoning be correct,

*" A spy under Buchanan, a tyrant under Lincoln and a traitor to Johnson, this man was as cruel and crafty as Domitian. I never saw him. In the end, conscience, long dormant, came as Alecto, and he was not; and the temple of Justice, on whose threshold he stood, escaped profanation."—Gen. Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction," page 241.

and the further suggestion be true that because of the Anglo-Saxon elements in the Southern armies after the fall of Richmond, there could be no guerilla warfare following. Men of Latin blood, Spaniards, French, Italians, are addicted to the pitiable vice of guerillaing. Men of Anglo-Saxon blood never guerilla. Thus it follows that the fall of Richmond would have ended the war in '62. If this be true, what an ocean of blood, what fearful waste of precious treasure, what tears of widowhood, what fearful blight of orphanage, what fearful orgies of well-nigh hellish abandon to rapine and murder, what fearful responsibility must be at the bar of God, upon the conscience of Stanton, Steward, Sumner, who led the more amiable, the more patriotic Lincoln by the nose. The seven days' fight around Richmond drove McClellan from astraddle the Chicahominy back beyond Malvern Hills to the cover of his gun-boats on the James River. The second battle of Manassas, at which Stonewall Jackson rose to the height of a superb commander under General Lee, was but a stepping stone to the invasion of Maryland. The battle of Sharpsburg on the 17th of September, 1862, the 35th anniversary of which has called us together to-day, was the great struggle of that campaign. General Lee crossed into Maryland and made his way direct to Frederick City, ignoring the existence of the 12,000 troops at Harper's Ferry, in sufficient proximity to threaten his communications through the Shenandoah Valley. He naturally thought that this garrison would be immediately removed and ordered to join General McClellan. The Federal commander having ordered the evacuation of Harper's Ferry, moved slowly and cautiously up the right bank of the Potomac River, heading towards Frederick City. General Halleck, at all time, and under all circumstances, the enemy of General McClellan, ordered the Federal troops at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg to retain their positions. It was to reduce these two posts by capture that General Lee, at Frederick City, made his dispositions, sending General McLaws along the mountain ridge which culminates on Maryland Heights, sending General Walker across the Potomac to reach the Loudoun Heights in Virginia, at the same time sending General Stonewall Jackson across the Potomac to Williamsport by a circuitous route of more than sixty miles to reduce Harper's Ferry by a movement in its rear. Meantime, Generals Longstreet and D. H. Hill were ordered to cross the mountains and remain at Boonesboro pending the capitulation of Harper's Ferry. Unfortunately, the order to some one of the Confederate generals setting forth this plan of General Lee's was lost at Frederick City. General McClellan hurried on after General Lee with the measured pace of a man in the dark as to what his adversary's plans were until he reached Frederick City. Here promptly, put in possession of General Lee's plans through the lost dispatch, he pushed on with great vigor to attack

with his whole army the divisions of the Confederate commander. To delay General McClellan so as to give General Jackson time to reach Harper's Ferry, brilliant and stubborn resistance was made to the approach of General McClellan, both at Boonsboro Gap and Crampton's Gap as well. These preliminary engagements, while bloody, stubborn and brilliant, costing the South some of her noblest defenders, were successful in that they detained General McClellan long enough to enable General Lee to call around him a sufficient number of his faithful followers from Harper's Ferry to make a stand at Sharpsburg. General Jackson, to whom Harper's Ferry surrendered with its 12,000 trooops, 13,000 stands of arms, 70 pieces of artillery, and a large number of very valuable stores, ordering General A. P. Hill to attend to the paroling of the prisoners, gave orders to Generals McLaws and Walker to follow him as rapidly as possible and join him at Sharpsburg, which place General Jackson reached on the evening of the 15th. The little village of Sharpsburg lies about a mile from the west bank of the Antietam creek, and is the centre of six roads coming in at this point from as many directions. One road from Harper's Ferry, seventeen miles away, entered this little hamlet on the south side; another from Boonsboro on the east; another from Hagerstown from the north; another from Shepherdstown on the Potomac, southwest; another from Pleasant Valley on the southeast. To one standing in the centre of this hamlet, composed largely of the homes of thrifty Dutch farmers, the Antietam is before him at a distance of about a mile, while behind him, in horseshoe shape, at an average distance of about three miles lies the Potomac River. General Lee's disposition of his troops was as follows: The right centre to the right of the Boonsboro road was assigned to General Longstreet.* The left centre to General D. H. Hill, on the left of the same road. Next on the left reaching towards the Hagerstown pike were Hood's Brigades; next to the left came the Stonewall division, and that of General Ewell reaching across the Hagerstown road, while General Lee's extreme left was commanded by horse artillery under General Stuart, whose batteries were protected by two small brigades of infantry. The extreme right of the Confederate army was assigned to General Walker, and some Georgia troops. The Antietam creek, flowing obliquely towards the Potomac, is spanned

*" A recent article in the public press, signed by Gen. Longstreet, ascribes the failure of Gettysburg to Lee's mistakes, which he (Longstreet) in vain pointed out and remonstrated against. That any subject involving the possession and exercise of intellect should be clear to Longstreet and concealed from Lee is a startling proposition to any one having knowledge of the two men. We have biblical authority for the story that the angel in the path was visible to the ass, though unseen by the seer, his master; but suppose, instead of smiting the honest, stupid animal, Balaam had caressed him and then been kicked by him, how would the story read?"—Gen. Dick Taylor's book, page 231. This is the penalty that personal consciousness vapidly and arrogantly carried about on tap, has been made to pay for the hireling mendacity in kicking the Lion of our cause after his death at Lexington, Va. The mills of the gods grind slowly but very fine, even the rotten old corn of Georgia.

wherever the public roads cross it by stone bridges. The hills on the east side of this creek were crowned with General McClellan's reserve artillery. The disposition of his powerful army, numbering between 90,000 and 100,000 troops, was so made as to put General Burnside with the 9th corps on McClellan's extreme left, whose whole army lay stretched away towards his extreme right with General Hooker in command of his right wing. General McClellan's plan of battle was to open up a heavy artillery fire from the commanding positions east of the Antietam Creek, all along this whole line and under the cover to pass General Hooker's corps by a circuitous route across the creek higher up, and seek to turn General Lee's left flank. On the afternoon of the 16th General Hooker had effected the passage without opposition with his own corps and those of Mansfield and General Sumner. The fighting, beginning late in the afternoon, was between a portion of this force and the Confederate troops under the command of General Hood. The engagements, while bloody and stubborn, were in no wise decisive. Early on the morning of the 17th of September not later than sunrise, thirty-five years ago this day, under the cover of furious cannonading all along the line, General Hooker sought to execute the dangerous task of turning General Lee's left flank, and then striking his line in reverse, to sweep down parallel to the Antietam. In order to enable him to do this General McClellan had furnished him with nearly 50,000 troops, but there was a lion in his path and that lion was Stonewall Jackson, who hurled against him the remnants of his noble old divisions, comprising, as Mr. Swinton informs us, not more than 4,000 troops, and some 7,500 others. Such was the valor and impetuosity of General Jackson's men that before 7 o'clock Hooker's own corps was broken and beaten. Mansfield's corps next came into line, when General Lee strengthened his own line by calling in General Hood and General Early, when the Federal line was again pressed back, while its noble leader, Mansfield, yielded up his life. General Sumner's corps was next ordered in, with numbers so great as to involve General Lee's centre. Here the fighting became terrible, and the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. First the blue surging forward, then the gray line pressing them back. Happily at this juncture General Lee called troops from his extreme right under McLaws and Anderson, and the struggle for victory around the old Dunkard church became terrific, until finally such was the high courage of all the Confederate troops, and such the high mettle of the North Carolina men that had been led over to the right to reinforce General Lee's left centre and extreme left wing, that the Federal line was pressed back to the position it occupied early in the morning. Pending all this heavy fighting on General Lee's left flank, both Generals D. H. Hill and Longstreet on both sides of the Boonsboro

road had been warmly but not as hotly engaged as were those so fiercely assaulted on General Lee's left by the three corps already mentioned. One must not think for one moment that General McClellan's management of this fearful strife was so faulty as to leave his own left unemployed. He did give orders to General Burnside to cannonade General Lee's right with extreme fury, and to make an assault upon the bridge immediately in his front. General Burnside, for some reason which the careful study of neither the pages of Swinton, Dabney, nor any of the great writers upon this battle, discloses, failed to make the attack until about two in the afternoon, long after the contest on the right had been decided. Then he stormed the bridge and carried it, driving away from his front all the troops that had been placed by General Lee to protect the Shepherdstown road, which was in truth General Lee's line of communication with Virginia. At this juncture, most fortunately for us, General A. P. Hill, having finished the work assigned to him at Harper's Ferry, came on the field with his splendid light divison, composed largely of North Carolina troops. These men had just finished a march of seventeen miles from Harper's Ferry and were leg weary, but such was their courage, and so admirable were General Hill's dispositions, that while the Confederate line on the right was fearfully tangled, and the Shepherdstown pike almost in possession of Burnside's corps, in less than one hour and a half the confederate lines were restored, and Burnside was taught a lesson of value. But this terrific fighting with its high success cost us dearly. From that hour until the present, many a North Carolina home has been draped in mourning because of the fallen sons of this noble commonwealth. Among the many slain from this State, two there were of whom we may speak in highest praise without the slightest suggestion of invidious comparison. Generals Anderson and Branch were men of such heroic mould, were so devoted to their country's highest good, and rendered the country such noble service as to weave around their brows, cold in death, chaplets of the brightest immortelles, and it was in the loss of just such men as these on this and other battle fields that their old mother was stabbed so deeply in her heart of hearts. General McClellan, commenting upon this battle, observed that the Confederate line was very short. It was short, because General Lee had not the men to make it longer. It was short, because, with only 33,000 men, General Lee was obliged to compress his lines so as to make resistance against the larger number of troops with which General McClellan sought to force him from the field. But this he could not do, for the Confederate line at night on the 17th was identically the same with which General Lee began his struggle at sunrise that morning, except that it was slightly depressed at the centre, and this General Lee seemed to have anticipated because if one studies care-

fully the conformation of the ground, and the exact adjustments of the whole line of battle, it will be seen that the Confederate line was an obtuse angle, with the apex of the angle at the centre. It has been regarded by military critics as one of the finest illustrations of General Lee's high mastery of the science of war, for it can be safely affirmed that if General McClellan's attack upon General Lee found him with his troops scattered, and far away in the reduction of Harper's Ferry, and still General Lee held his own, waiting the whole of next day, the 18th of September for General McClellan to renew his attack what would have been the result had not that order setting forth General Lee's plan not been lost at Frederick City. There have been made several estimates of the number of muskets employed by General Lee on this battlefield. The great Virginian modestly places the number at a figure under 40,000, others again say that there could not have been over 33,000. A distinguished Confederate officer who won laurels on that battlefield, ex-United States Senator Ransom, who I think was a general of brigade on the occasion, in a recent conversation said to me that after the closest and most careful calculation, there were only about 27,500 muskets employed that day by the Confederates. Now, if this be so, the question will come up, why was it so? Let General Lee speak for himself. In his report of the Maryland campaign, volume 2, page 119, our great captain says: "The arduous service in which our troops had been engaged, their great privation of rest and food, and the long marches without shoes over the mountain roads had greatly reduced our ranks before the action began. These causes had compelled thousands of brave men to absent themselves. This great battle was fought by less than 40,000 men on our side." (Official report, page 35) says General D. H. Hill: "Had all our stragglers been up, McClellan's army would have been completely crushed or annihilated." It may be pardoned me if I advert to scenes I have witnessed myself along the line of march from Gordonsville by way of Cedar Mountain; at second Manassas by Thoroughfare Gap; by way of Oxen Hill through Leesburg, Frederick City, Williamsport, Martinsburg, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg. The men who were on this long line of march were fresh from the seven days' fights around Richmond. Some of them had marched from Staunton to Hall Town below Charlestown, taking their parts in the battles in Winchester, Fort Royal, Cross Keys and Port Republic, where, under Ashby and Jackson, with that fine old field marshall Ewell, the story of Confederate valor had been placed in the mouths of two continents. Straggler! Men absent from duty! Miscalled laggards on the march! Sluggards in the storm! Of course there were men out of line that day. Nature has her laws, and has affixed her own limits to human endurance. Again and again on the march which brought General

Lee's army to Sharpsburg, have I seen men after men drop out of line from sheer fatigue and the limit of human endurance reached. I recall one scene expressly—that of an old Georgian belonging to Lawton's brigade, sitting on a rock with his feet in a stream of water, and staunching the blood with green leaves bound to the cuts kept in place by rags in lieu of socks and shoes. I shall never forget that honest face, as, with the light of duty in his eyes, he swung on his haversack, and grasping his musket trudged on in pain after Lee. This allusion to the conditions of the march will explain to any candid mind the presence of the short, thin line of Confederates on the battlefield of Sharpsburg 35 years ago to-day. We have said that 12,000 men were captured at Harper's Ferry with 13,000 stands of arms, 70 pieces of artillery and valuable stores. This was a part of the rich fruitage of this campaign. The Federal losses have been put down for Boonsboro, Crampton's Gap and Sharpsburg at 15,200 by McClellan himself, while the most careful estimates which I have been able to employ, place the Confederate loss in these several engagements at 10,300, and one will quite understand the desperation with which the Confederates fought when the medical authorities of the Federal government show an increase of 30,000 patients as consequent upon the operations of this short campaign. As a quick sequel to this glorious engagement, there is something else to be said, General Lee crossed the Potomac into Virginia on the 19th of September by way of Shepherdstown. General McClellan, pressed by the Federal government to render some effective service with the large number of men he had at his command, threw Gen. Fitz John Porter's corps across the Potomac under the cover of heavy artillery on the Maryland side. This heavy Federal attachment made a serious move upon General Lee's reserved artillery in command of Brigadier General Pendleton, chief of artillery. A counter movement was instituted by General Jackson, which was intrusted directly to General A. P. Hill, who drove the enemy with such violence and impetuosity across the river at the point of the bayonet, hurling their adversaries by the hundreds into the water that only a few of the Federals reached the northern bank. It was a pitiable spectacle that of 3,000 Federal troops killed and drowned with 200 prisoners, and one large brigade nearly extinguished by the disaster. This was the penalty which McClellan had to pay for his mendacity in claiming a victory at Sharpsburg. Here it may be asserted without any fear of contradiction, without the slightest suggestion of invidious comparison, that when the old Stonewall brigade, and Hood's noble brigades of Texas, and those noble sons of Georgia under Lawton, in fine where all responded so nobly to the test applied by General Lee (for it was General Lee's confidence in his men, and not the necessities of the situation, which caused the

battle of Sharpsburg North Carolinians have cause to this day to be proud of the record which the heroism of her sons made with their blood on that illustrious day, and there is no wonder that while the 17th of September will ever be a day of sadness to thousands of our people, yet must it be ever a day when that sadness is tempered by the consciousness of the glory of her noble sons. It is very foreign to the purpose of this address to carry you through the campaign of the Rappahannock, with its great battle of Fredericksburg, nor shall I detain you while I rehearse any part of the Chancellorsville campaign during the months of April and May, 1863, where, at Chancellorsville, the great giant of military genius fell off the edge of battle, where Stonewall Jackson crossed over the river and rested under the trees, having lit up the way in all the battles from first Manassas by his devotion as a Christian, the splendor of his heroism, and his matchless genius as one of the great captains of the 19th century, aye, in any age. I shall not detain you by referring you to that with which you are so familiar, the Gettysburg campaign in June and July, '63, longer than barely to intimate the fact that if this great battle of Gettysburg was decisive of the war, the splendor of its heroism, the purifying powers of its great suffering, the full consciousness in spite of factious critcism that every man did his best, that these were in part preparatory for the grandest of all the campaigns, Grant's overland campaign, May and June, 1864. It was in that campaign of maneuvres between General Lee and Meade, from July, 1863, to March, 1864, that we may see how fully General Lee overmatched General Meade. Military critics have said, and some of them so void of prejudice, and so full of high capability as to entitle their opinions to full notice, that the most remarkable of all military movements in the 19th century was that beginning May the 4th, 1864, in which, with 52,626 men, foot, horse and artillery, General Lee baffled and beat back General Grant with his four great army corps, giving him a moveable column of about 140,000 men of all arms. Gladly, though sadly, had I the time would I light up your thoughts with the splendor of the Army of Northern Virginia at the battle of the Wilderness along the lines at Spottsylvania Court House and from Spottsylvania to the Chicahominy, where I would detain you at the battle of Cold Harbor,* where General Lee reached the apex of his fame, from which he has never been forced to come, although the shadows of the siege of Petersburg and those even darker events culminating at Appomattox Court House announced the facts that the circle of the hunt was made, and the great lion-

*" Now so gloomy was the military outlook after the action on the Chickahominy, and to such a degree by consequence had the moral spring of the public mind become relaxed, that there was at this time great danger of a collapse of the war. The history of this conflict will show this."—Swinton, page 495.

hearted Lee was brought to bay.* Sadly and tenderly was the Confederate banner furled, and as an organized body the Army of the Northern Virginia stepped out of existence among the martial hosts of this earth, but stepping into history stepped heavenward. And thus on the 9th of April, 1865, at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, having done its duty nobly, expired the most remarkable organization of armed men the world has ever known. For four long years the upper millstone of the Army of the Potomac of 17 inches thickness had been whirring around, lubricated by the oil of sympathy and the active support of the whole outside world—while the under stone of the Army of Northern Virginia, 10 inches in thickness, imbedded in the affections of the Southern people carrying their noble cause of constitutionally recognized State sovereignty and other forms of constitutional liberty on the points of their bright bayonets, was worn thinner and thinner, till at last, no thicker than a wafer, General Lee surrendered as the body guard of liberty 8,000 men with muskets to an army of over 125,000. Caesar had his tenth legion, Philip, the Macedonian phalanx, Alexander his picked troops in conquering the world, Hannibal his corps invincible on the battlefield of Cannae, Wellington his life guards at Waterloo, and Napoleon had his Imperial guards under the matchless Ney, but the Army of Northern Virginia, with its roll of victories, at first and second Manassas, seven days around Richmond, Fredericksburg, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor and Sharpsburg, with Longstreet and Beauregard, the two Hills, Ewell, Gordon, Early, Mahone, Rhodes, Stuart, Hampton, Ashby, Pettigrew, Branch, Hoke, Anderson, Pender, Daniels, Ramseur, Grimes, and the two Ransoms to lead them, as they were led by Stonewall Jackson, while living and by his masterful spirit after death, and as they were all led by the illustrious Lee, in point of honor, efficiency and noble devotion to the cause of constitutional liberty, may well con over the battlefields of the world with no suggestion of envy, but with devout thankfulness to the God of battle for all he enabled them to do and dare against the world in arms. This noble band of freemen with the blessed motto "Pro aris et focis," inscribed on their banners died in the very throes of battle with the magnetic thrill of liberty on its brow growing cold in death, and from its great heart at its last ebb of life bequeathed to you, survivors of the Confederacy, the guardianship of their honor, and their graves, together with its highest trust, the protection of your mothers, wives and daughters. It will be remembered that in a letter from the noble Georgian, General Gordon, to General Bryan

*Sheridan, black with the smoke and disgrace of pillage and burning, was there from the Shenandoah Valley. Sheman, fresh from his Attila-Georgian campaign and the burning of Columbia, South Carolina, was close at hand and made his disgraceful proximity felt.

Grimes, among the noblest of North Carolina's sons, it is graphically told how the thin line of North Carolina was bearing itself splendidly, even driving the Federal troops before it, when the breezes which now sweep over the classic field of Virginia for the first time since Yorktown of the Revolution sighed, as they kissed the folds of the white flag of defeat.

And now there are some things in conclusion which belong especially to North Carolina. Among all the States of the Confederacy, North Carolina was expressly blessed in that great tribune of the people, Zebulon B. Vance, perhaps of all the war governors, if not the most devoted, certainly among the most useful. Fortunately, for him, and for the great State which he represented as its Chief Executive, the great duties which developed upon him found him at the very meridian of a splendid manhood. Born in the county of Buncombe, among the fastnesses of his native mountains, it was the most natural thing in the world that in his Switzer home he should be taught by a devoted mother to love liberty from his very cradle. As a lawyer, perhaps both Judge Gaston and Judge Ruffin were his superiors; as a United States Senator perhaps Judge Badger and William H. Haywood were equally as well if not better furnished, simply as a governor, we greatly doubt whether he was superior to ex-Governor Thomas Bragg; as an orator with eloquence divine we doubt very much whether he could move men as did Dr. Francis L. Hawks or Henry Watkins Miller. In the House of Representatives we do not think he was superior to Messrs. Wm. S. Ashe, Burton Craige, Dr. Shaw or Thomas Ruffin. But take him all in all, measured in all directions, head and heart, he was the best all-round representative of the genius, temper, patriotism, and common sense that the State has ever produced. As one who knew him and loved him, I beg to-day to lay this modest tribute on his grave, because I believe in my heart of hearts that never did man on the threshold of his young life love gentle, beautiful, North Carolina maiden with love purer or more devoted than that which Gov. Vance bore his native State. He has gone, and we ne'er shall see his like again, but we shall keep his memory green in North Carolina as long as men loving liberty shall behold Mt. Mitchell overtopping the peaks of the surrounding mountains which he loved so well. I draw largely now from Senator Vance's lecture entitled "Last days of the War in North Carolina," delivered in Baltimore, Feb. 23, 1885, before the Maryland line of that city. He says that by the general industry and thrift of our people, and by the use of a number of blockade running steamers carrying out cotton and bringing in supplies from Europe, the following stores had been collected from abroad: Large quantities of machinery supplies, 60,000 pairs of hand cards, 10,000 grain scythes, 200 barrels of bluestone for the wheat

growers, leather and shoes for 250,000 pairs, 50,000 blankets, gray wool cloth for at least 250,000 suits of uniforms, 12,000 overcoats ready-made, 2,000 best Enfield rifles, with 100 rounds of fixed ammunition for each rifle, 100,000 pounds of bacon, 500 sacks of coffee for hospital use, $50,000 worth of medicines at gold prices, large quantities of lubricating oil, and minor supplies of various kinds. In the winter succeeding the battle of Chickamauga, I sent to Gen. Longstreet's corps 14,000 suits of clothing complete. At the surrender of Gen. Johnston at Greensboro, the State had on hand ready-made and in cloth 92,000 suits of uniform, with great stores of blankets, leather, etc. I was told by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston that when his army was surrendered, he had on hand in the various depots of North Carolina supplies for 60,000 men for five months, and that for many, many months previous, Gen. Lee's army had been almost entirely fed from North Carolina.* In relation to the number of troops furnished to the Confederate Government I have more than once made the boast that North Carolina furnished not relatively, but absolutely more troops than any other State. This assertion has not yet been denied to my knowledge." Thus we see how this remarkable man planned and cared for the following troops which North Carolina sent to the field. I gather this information from the Adjutant General's Office, and to all North Carolinians, indeed to every true Southerner, it is a record of which we may all justly be proud:

As volunteers at outset	64,636
Recruited by volunteers from time to time	21,608
Recruited by conscripts	18,585
Regular troops in the State service	3,203
Militia on home duty	2,962
Junior reserves, Confederate service	4,217
Senior reserves, Confederate service	5,686
Troops from N. C. in regiments in other States	3,103
Making in all	124,000

troops as North Carolina's part of the 600,000 all told furnished by the Confederate States in this fearful struggle. These troops from North Carolina were organized into 71 regiments, 20 battallions, and 24 unattached companies. All these were raised out of a white population in 1860 of 629,942, or one soldier to every five souls. At Appomattox and Greensboro, North Carolina surrendered twice as many muskets as any other State. Her dead on the battlefield of Virginia in the majority of cases was twice as great as those from

*Gov. Vance was largely aided in his noble work by his friends. By none more so than by Major John Devereaux, of Raleigh, N. C., whose high devotion to the cause, fine judgment in details and great energy made the blockade running so marked a success. His noble family are proud of his record and true to his memory as a devoted patriot.

any other State, and in more than one of Gen. Lee's battles they exceeded the dead from all other States put together.* These facts and figures, my dear friends, are not brought forward to-day to derogate from the proud record of Virginia. This cannot be done, for from the Kanawha to Norfolk, from Romney to the North Carolina line, the bosom of this dear old State is set thick with the scars of battle,* nor are they brought forward invidiously of any State in the late Confederacy, for he knows little of the mettle of Southern patriotism who dares to say that where the obligation to duty was so high, any State failed of achieving the highest record possible. It may be permitted me before closing this address to say one single word in regard to four of North Carolina's sons, whom for many reasons, I fain would honor. Sleeping on either side of the banks of the Tar River at Louisburg, mouldering in the dust of their native State, lie the silent forms of Col. Thos. Ruffin, killed in battle at the

*TRIBUTE TO NORTH CAROLINA—LETTER FROM GEN. LEE.

"We have been permitted to make the following extract of a letter from Gen. Lee to Gov. Vance, complimenting the North Carolina troops for their glorious victory achieved at Reams' Station. This tribute from the great hero of this revolution is the highest honor that could be paid to North Carolina:

" 'HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
" 'August 29, 1864.

" 'His Excellency Z. B. Vance, Governor of North Carolina:

* * * * * * *

" 'I have been frequently called upon to mention the services of North Carolina soldiers in this army, but their gallantry and conduct were never more deserving my admiration than in the engagement at Reams' Station on the 25th inst.

" 'The brigades of Generals Cook, McRae and Lane, the last under the temporary command of Gen. Conner, advanced through a thick abattis of felled trees under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery and carried the enemy's works with a steady courage that elicited the warm commendation of their corps and division commanders and the admiration of the army.

" 'On the same occasion the brigade of Gen. Barringer bore a conspicuous part in the operations of the cavalry, which were no less distinguished for boldness and efficiency than those of the infantry.

" 'If the men who remain in North Carolina share the spirit of those they have sent to the field, as I doubt not they do, her defence may be securely entrusted to their hands.

" 'I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,
" 'R. E. LEE, General' "

*I beg to quote from the magnificent address of Col. Thomas W. Mason, delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Confederate monument at Raleigh, in May, 1894:

"History startles us with its record: A military population of 115,000 men; an army of 125,000 men! In all the annals of earth is there a nobler record of heroic endeavor?

* * * * * * * *

"Read the record of their daring at Chancellorsville, the deathbed of Jackson, in the early May days of 1863; 131 Confederate regiments under fire, twenty-five of them from North Carolina; 10,281 Confederates killed and wounded, 2,949 of them from North Carolina.

* * * * * * * *

"Shall we measure the glory of our comrade by the treasure of his blood? Then read this record: 51,950 Confederates killed in battle, 14,522 of them from North Carolina; 21,570 Confederates died of wounds, 5,150 of them from North Carolina; 59,297 Confederates died of disease, 20,602 of them from North Carolina; 42,275 sons of North Carolina gave their lives to the Confederacy—more than one-third of her military population; 19,673 of her sons were killed in battle or died of wounds—more than 17 per cent. of her military population, while the average loss of the Confederate armies was 10 per cent. and of the Union armies 5 per cent.

"Read the record of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment of Pettigrew's Brigade, at Gettysburg, the conflict of the century: It carried in action over 800 men. Eighty of them were left, and history declares 'this loss of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina at Gettysburg was the severest regimental loss during the war,' in which 764 Confederate regiments and 2,047 Union regiments were engaged."

*The State which gave the tongue of the Revolution in Henry; its pen in Jefferson; its sword in Washington, and which cradled and sepulchred Lee and Jackson can look the world in the face without envy.

head of the first North Carolina regiment of cavalry, and that of the late Judge Joseph Jonathan Davis, both natives of Franklin county, North Carolina, and as pure patriots as ever put their foot in stirrup of saddle. The other two are Col. Chas. Blacknall, sleeping here in this cemetery, and Gen. L. O'B. Branch, as devoted sons of North Carolina as were ever honored by her people in peace or in war. To these four friends of my father, and my own as well, I have paid this just tribute of honest and well deserved homage, not because they were in any sense any nobler than many others of North Carolina's sons, but because a closer knowledge of them disclosed qualities both of heart and mind which shed a lustre upon citizenship in my native State. Gen. Ransom, at a large campfire of Confederate veterans in Louisburg, North Carolina, on the 21st of August last, as the orator of the day, said that if all the slaves of the South could have been substituted by as many white people, the issue of the struggle could not have been doubtful. I beg to reply that had there been no such institution as slavery at the South, there never would have been, because there never could have been such an organization as the Army of Northern Virginia, either in the splendid personnel of its matchless private soldiers, or the fine materals of its officers, commissioned and non-commissioned as well. Let the world say what it pleases about the institution of slavery, provided for and fully warranted under both Testaments of the Word of God, as well as under the Constitution. Under its peculiarly patriarchal influences — in the War of 1812, in the conflict with Mexico, and in the war between the States, there has been produced a type of heroism, which, if not fully sui generis, challenges the admiration of the world and has won for the South, in dispassionate military circles, the plaudits of marshalled immortality.

Of the fair women of my old State, members of the State Monumental Association, and their fair compatriots, it will be pardoned in me if I say with gratitude and admiration both in what they have done in their beautiful and commanding monument at the western gate of the State capitol grounds in Raleigh and in these beautiful head and foot stones here in this lot of pre-eminent honor in Stonewall cemetery—they richly deserve the gratitude of their native State, and receive what modestly they wear, the gratitude of their native State, and that we have full assurance that they will go on in the blessed labor of love until we shall be called upon on some other red letter day in North Carolina's calendar to unveil, and consecrate a central monument with pride and pleasure, the corner stone of which we lay to-day in North Carolina's lot of honor in Stonewall Cemetery, symbolizing the unity of the States, which with lofty apex and broad base shall eloquently declare to oncoming generations the power and province of pure Southern womanhood in nerving the

arm and strengthening the heart of patriotic manhood. It is true, aye, sadly, tearfully true, dear friends, that the Southern cross shone out with great brilliancy again and again amid the dark clouds of internecine strife. It well nigh breaks the heart to fully realize that so near came we more than once to the very brink of the chasm separating us from the fields of nationality, that we inhaled the aroma of the flowers blooming therein, but we could not cross to gather them. Some inscrutable barrier interposed between us and our fondest hopes; the loss of the despatch at Frederick City; the death of Albert Syndey Johnston, at Shiloh; the death of Stonewall Jackson, enforcing his absence from Gettysburg; or some other hindrance. We know not what—we know not why. But with the sad refrain, Vae Victis! Vae Victis! We know not, we know not why, wailing in our ears, the very tolling of the death knell of our fondest hopes, crushing to earth all of our brightest anticipations, we dare look all Christendom in the face to-day and say that when in future ages the historian, in search of the traditions of liberty, in quest of the truth, shall look for the cause that led up to and enthroned centralism, ranker and fouler than that of cringing Muscovite, the goddess of liberty, if she walk the earth, at that time, will point him with tears in her eyes to that dark hour of human history at Appomattox Court House, and bid him write it down with iron pen that liberty died when the Army of Northern Virginia fell, for the great Virginian said truly, with the prophetic ken of an unerring seer, of the Confederate cause. Lost cause! Lost cause!! Lost cause!!! If lost, 'twas false! If true, it is not lost!

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